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# TO THE UNBORN PEOPLES

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TO
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# TO
# THE UNBORN
# PEOPLES

BY
ELLEN M. H. GATES

NEW YORK
1906

## TO THE UNBORN PEOPLES

Ye Peoples of the future years,
  We you salute. To you we fling
From these revolving hemispheres
  A greeting glad. While yet we cling
To earth's old rim, we think of you;
  A watch we keep by day and night,
As plain, in Heaven's unfathomed Blue,
  Your great battalions sweep in sight.

Hail! Hail! to you, ye glorious hosts,
  Ye formless shapes that haunt us now;
Ye gathering tribes, unresting ghosts,
  Behold us here, as low we bow
In salutation to our Kind,
  Our kindred dear, whose blood will be
As red as ours, whose hands will find
  To rooms we found not, door and key.

Ye waiting Ones that bide your time,
  Ye too shall know of joy and pain;
The storms will smite the hills you climb;
  The suns will scorch you on the plain.
The seas will lure you; you will go
  In paths our ships may never find.
On Isles unknown and peaks of snow,
  Your tribes will camp, your horns will wind.

Ye unborn Peoples, we have tried
To march in ranks where none retreat;
In rifts of rocks our records hide,
And you may find them, when your feet
Shall stand in places where our hands
Were torn and soiled by thorn and grime.
To you we leave the Seas and Lands,
And all the glorious spoils of Time.

Ye unborn Peoples, we have tried
To march in ranks where none retreat;
In rifts of rocks our records hide,
And you may find them, when your feet
Shall stand in places where our hands
Were torn and soiled by thorn and grime.
To you we leave the Seas and Lands,
And all the glorious spoils of Time.

Advancing Races, Sons of men,
How can ye bear life's awful stress?
What will ye do with sword and pen,
And good and bad, and more and less?
When all our Prophets go their ways,
And all our Anthems are forgot,
What Altars will your builders raise
To Him who lives and changes not?

Ye Legions vast, from depth and height
  We beg from Science chart and proofs,
That you may stand in clearest light,
  And sign to Saturn from your roofs.
The Earth is prescient now with sense
  Of growing power, judicial doom,
Good will to men, Omnipotence
  That whispers low, "Make room! Make room!"

Hail! Hail! ye Peoples yet unborn,
We leave you all that Love bequeaths;
Our gems and mines and fields of corn,
Traditions, arts, and Valor's wreaths.
New voices call. We disappear.
Above our dust your songs will swell;
Your banners float,—Our Kinsmen dear,
Hail! Hail! and then,—Farewell, Farewell.

ELLEN M. H. GATES

November 20th, 1906

THE DE VINNE PRESS

Ye Peoples of the future years,
  Keep faith with us, the elder Ones,
Wipe out the causes of our fears,
  Climb nearer to the central Suns.
We go our way, our names will die,
  Ye shall not find them near or far.
Our highest spans in dust will lie
  As low as Karnac's pillars are.

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